

Alice's Smartpartment

Some guys get all the luck, I tell ya. I couldn't help but stare out the front window as she exited the taxi, this blonde goddess who looked only too happy to be wearing a cutoff denim shorts and a sleeveless T that seemed unsure whether its purpose was to show cleavage or midriff and had simply given up and decided to do both. Mind, I'm not some creep, staring at girls out the window or anything, but I was waiting for my own visitor to arrive, and once I laid eyes on her, I couldn't look away. Good lord, she even kissed the cab driver on the cheek when he got her suitcase out of the trunk for her. I could tell she wasn't wearing a bra from all the way up here as the babe literally skipped down the sidewalk, suitcase bouncing and rolling behind her, until she disappeared from my eyeline into the front door of the dorm.

This was a guy's dorm, so whoever she was here to see... damn.

I went back to watching for my own guest to arrive with less interest. My nerdy, bratty big sister Alice, here to crash with me over Thanksgiving weekend because Mom and Dad were still off seeing the world and thus there was no home to go to. It had been quite a while since Alice and I had even talked; ever since I'd left for college last year, we mostly only talked a couple times a year on the phone and occasionally on holidays, when our parents could be bothered to stick around for them. We weren't close.

I'd actually been pretty surprised when she'd texted me a few days back to ask if she could come see me this weekend. I didn't have the money (or desire, if I'm being honest) to visit her, and while I did have a private dorm room, it wasn't exactly a vacation spot. She'd made her own opinion of my college – a state university, nothing awe-inspiring but nothing too shabby – many times. Alice had gotten a big scholarship to the Ivy League, though was still threatening Mom's and Dad's retirement savings with what it didn't cover. She loved to give me crap about it too.

“Oh, but your school is super cute, too – I think my apartment's groundskeeper went there.”

“Do you guys still have recess there, or is that not a thing any more?”

Or even her text from the other day, *cant wait 2 c ur big pretty skool! lolz <3 ;)*

To be fair, it was a two-way street, us giving one another crap. Any chance I got I'd try to mess with her, take her down one of so many needed pegs back to reality. Not that I didn't love her. Despite the fact that she was an incurable dork who had no concept of how to dress herself, and that she looked down on me and everything I'd ever done or aspired to do, we'd somehow always gotten along well enough. After all, I'd been the cool fun kid, and she'd been the smart pretty kid. As we used to joke, she was the kid our parents got to brag about, and I was the one they actually liked being around. So I figured a few days chilling over my long weekend wouldn't be the worst thing.

Though she was running almost half an hour late, and I was starting to lose patience for—

Knock, knockknock, knock knock.

I jumped. That was her, all right, the same way she'd always knocked on my bedroom door when she'd wanted my attention. (She hadn't always knocked, but once when I was twelve... well, suffice to say she'd learned to knock.) I'd been so focused on watching the front drive that I hadn't thought she might sneak in the back way.

I threw open the door. "Hey, Al..." I stopped. "Oh. Uh, hi. Can I do something for you?"

Of all people, it was that blonde I'd just seen coming in the entrance to the building. Man, she was even hotter up close. Gleaming white smile ear to ear, a shock of blonde hair so pale and thick and long that it had to have taken all the bleach at the store to pull it off. Deep red lipstick made it hard to look away from her mouth even with all that boob inviting the gaze down yonder. What the hell was she doing at my door? And what was with that knock?

"Oh, Josh, ya big kidder!" She suddenly leapt at me and wrapped me up in a fierce hug. "How the heck are ya, buddy?"

I don't know if I hugged her back or not, really. I was so weirded out by this blonde-haired blue-eyed hottie that my brain was barely working on my responses. "Um, do I know you?"

She let me go, then stepped past me into the room with her suitcase trailing behind. "Do I know you?" she said in a deep, teasing voice. "You're so extra, Josh. So this is your pad, huh? It's super cute!" She flounced down onto my bed.

Some part of me registered that this was by a wide margin the hottest girl I'd ever even had in my room, much less my bed, but most of me was still reeling. "Uh, no offense, but who the heck are you?"

She giggled. "Who do you think I am?"

"I mean, a dream come true, but... sorry, it's just, I'm waiting for somebody."

The girl laughed. "Well, I'm sure they'll text you when they show up."

"I told her I'd meet her out front, actually..." Speaking of, I darted back to the window. I knew Alice, and she'd be pissed if she had to wait in the cold for me. No sign of her yet. Though, even as I was scanning the circle drive, my phone buzzed in my pocket. Sure enough, it was Alice.

im here lol

Unlike Alice not to use punctuation and all, but maybe she was doing it one-handed or something. I glanced at the girl on my bed, who was now fiddling with her own phone, a huge screen that didn't look like it could possibly fit in those skimpy shorts of hers with a bright pink case covered in hearts. I gave Alice a quick response.

Oh didn't see you arrive. I'll be down in a sec. wait by the flag

k! <3, she replied.

I quickly slipped on my sandals, but when I turned, the girl was standing again. “Uh, look, I’d love to... what the...”

The girl was sliding my computer monitor to the side, and as I watched, she climbed up on top of my desk and stood there, grinning at me. Was she fucking crazy?

“What the heck are you doing?” I asked. I surprised myself I could take a tone that authoritative with a girl with legs like that.

“Uh, you said wait by the flag. So like...” She turned and pointed to the wall behind her, where, partially concealed behind some of my books on the shelf above the desk, was my Jamaican flag with a pot leaf dead center.

Wait.

I looked closer, and suddenly my eyes were functioning like those scanners they use in detective movies where they can enhance the shit out of an image until grainy becomes high def. Dimples. Little mole near right eye. Traces of brown at roots. And... that body. Alice’s annoyingly smoking hot, totally-wasted-on-a-girl-that-closed-off body.

“Alice?!”

“Josh?!” she said back, giggling.

There were a million questions I could have asked right then, but somehow, the one that won out was, “How the fuck did your eyes turn blue?!”

She held out a hand, and I helped her down from the desk. “Well...”

Six Months Earlier, Give or Take

I couldn't sleep. Lord knows I should be tired. Moving Alice into her new apartment had been hard-ass work, and the 85-degree day hadn't helped any. Lord knows she was already asleep; I could hear her sawing logs through her closed bedroom door. But for whatever reason, I was up.

Alice's place didn't have cable set up yet. My new phone was charging too far off to reach. Awake, alone in a strange town, and bored as fuck. For all she'd raved about this new place – kept trying to make “smartpartment” happen – it felt like wasted money to me, just the usual blocks of wood with happy words painted on them that were in every other college girl's apartment for a thousand miles, and the ability to voice command the stove light to turn on and off. And a hundred other techy things that seemed equally useless.

Then I saw Alice's laptop, and a smile came back to my face.

I'd always loved fucking with her. She never, *ever* saw it coming. Not that I was so damn cunning or anything, just that being a cold, smart, pretty girl meant she was heinously under-fucked with. Better yet, she'd give me the password to her laptop earlier in the day so I could turn on some music while we worked. I knew how to go at her immediately. She was such a fan of her stupid smartpartment, everything new and networked and centrally controlled...

Let's see what we can do with that, shall we?

At first, I'd thought, I'll just mess with some settings, set her TV and oven and microwave and – Jesus, even the fucking fridge was networked – to make some loud-ass noise at three in the morning tomorrow. But then I started getting creative. When was I going to have a chance to get her like this again, after all? I started college in the fall halfway across the country, and our folks were talking like they may sell the house and just travel around Europe. I didn't want to annoy Alice for a day – I wanted to get her for days and weeks to come. Heck, before I finished, I'd made it a whole extra prank just to find and undo everything.

The so-called smartpartment was a gold mine of opportunities. Practically every device in the house had a speaker built into it, and there was one of those Alexa things in every room, too. Once I discarded the childish simplicity of blasting noises at all hours, I did a little psychoanalysis on what would really drive her up the wall.

“You're a stupid slut,” I said into the microphone.

I kept my voice low while recording, but I wasn't too worried. She was a sound sleeper, and had had a long day herself. As for my choice of words... I know, I know, it sounds mean and all, but it was just our way. I'd call her a dumb easy ho, and she'd call me a knuckle-dragger fuckboi prison-bitch-in-training. See? Drove our parents nuts, but we had some names we used for them behind their backs, too.

Then, I explored her system to see what all it could do. It turned out, a lot. She'd said she'd spent an arm and a leg on all this crap, and she must have, because damn, it was complex. With an impish grin, I set my recording to play at 1% volume at 30-minute intervals. Indefinitely. When it prompted me to pick a speaker, I picked the TV soundbar, figuring it was the loudest and most likely to be on. But man, was that not all it could do. Soon enough, I had it set to play at those same half-hour intervals if the TV was off, or at one-minute with a little volume boost when it was on. I could picture her trying squinting at the TV, trying to see if it had just insulted her.

This was going to be hysterical. I laughed so loud that Alice actually woke up for a moment and groaned at me to shut up.

I waited for that snoring to resume, then... I started doing it all over the house. I sort of got carried away, honestly. I tested all the pranks except the ones set for her bedroom, fine tuning them until I was sure they'd be right at the threshold of imagined and intelligible.

The microwave would whisper "you dress like a tramp" on repeat whenever it was on. The three beeps it sounded when the timer finished were accompanied by a falsetto "Please! Fuck! Me!" that I thought blended nicely.

The refrigerator reminder her "starved for cock" every time she opened it, right along with a little bell that almost, but not quite, obscured it.

The Alexas were programmed to cycle through a host of lines whenever music was playing from them. "You're not my sister, you're my bitch," "embrace your inner bimbo," "you know you love me." I got a little carried away, I guess – I mean, even if she was a brat to me, she hid one hell of a slammin' body behind hoodies, corduroys and clunky crocs. Plus, somewhere in the midst of it I'd started dipping into her liquor cabinet pretty freely, and then I stopped even trying to be clever. Dozens, maybe scores, of misogynist gibes, all over that smartpartment of hers. I seemed to recall, shortly before passing out drunk, finding a way to set a screensaver setting to her laptop (and thus the TV, which was just a remote monitor that played the laptop's screen) that automatically kicked on every 30 seconds to flash a randomly selected image of this porn star with a caption I wrote that read...

Man, what did it even read? I don't know, but drunk me found it hysterical. Later I'd grimace a little at some of the ones that made my feelings about Alice's hotness a little too clear, but whatever. She'd probably catch me and delete them before she had more than 10% of it anyway.

I woke up the next morning to the sound of Alice's radio playing in the shower. I braced myself for her to storm out and demand an explanation, but she took her time in there. Her system confirmed that the sounds were indeed playing as intended, yet twenty minutes later she came out, giving me a dirty look behind her fogged-up glasses that was obviously issued for staring after her in her towel and not the sounds.

I couldn't wait until she noticed. This was going to be my best prank yet.

“Well...?” I prompted the blonde, this buxom hottie claiming to be my sister.

“Huh? Oh, sorry, lost my...” She had, staring right at my... no. Must be something on the floor behind me. Not... that. “What was I saying?”

“Blue eyes,” I prompted.

“Yep!”

“No I mean, how are they... blue?”

“Huh? Oh, it’s my contacts! I thought they looked funner, ya know? I figured if I was gonna be a big-titted blonde with a great ass, I should have the eyes, right?”

The more she spoke, the more I was certain it was Alice. Her voice was happier-sounding, even a little higher-pitched maybe, but it was her. And that face was hers too, if I could ignore the golden frame around it, that bright, vapid smile. Alice had thick hair like that, too, though she’d always left it kind of messy-casual rather than this gleaming platinum blonde mane. Still, nothing about her was my Alice. “Um, yeah, so like, can I use your bathroom? I super have to go potty – been like, I dunno, a bunch of hours or something.”

“Sure, Alice. It’s right–”

“Who’s Alice? I’m Allie, ya goofball!” That was almost as mind-blowing as the rest; Alice always hated that nickname. She insisted it made her sound like an airhead.

I didn’t push back. “It’s right down the hall on the left.”

I watched her go, as much because of my confusion as because of the way this girl’s – Allie’s – hips rolled when she walked. She even turned and winked at me over her shoulder when she caught me, which startled me so much I didn’t notice she’d turned right, not left. The men’s bathroom, thankfully, was unoccupied, and nobody yelped at her arrival.

By the time she returned – skipping at me, boobs bouncing wildly, freely – I had questions waiting. The first batch was an all-out interrogation of our childhood that made it clear that her memories before the past few months were dim at best, and when she got confused, she shrugged it off, unconcerned. She remembered me, clearly, but didn’t seem clear on how.

Then I tried to get anything out of her about what kind of insane epiphany she’d had to turn my studious, frosty sister into this lilting valley girl.

“Oh gosh, yeah, remember how I used to be all ‘books books books study books turtle-necks books books,’” she said, giggling. “I was so lame!”

“Yeah, but *why*, Alice – err, Allie.” I kept calling her by name out of habit, and increasingly I was convinced she literally didn’t recognize herself by that name. “Why don’t you, um, like books any more?”

“Uh, ‘cause they’re hella stupid? And yet hard, at the same time. Have you ever tried to like actually *read* a book? I just can’t even, ya know?”

I remembered the time I'd spilled a can of soda on one of her books, and when she started crying, I'd asked her why she was freaking out so bad, she could just get another copy. She'd said I wouldn't understand, that she loved books more than she loved any person she'd ever met (and that I could go fuck myself). I realize it was hyperbole, but that was the sister I knew.

This girl, who picked up one of my textbooks off the nightstand and frowned at it before tossing it away on the floor like it was a dirty kleenex, was not the same person.

I may not be a brainiac like Alice, or like she had been anyway, but after so long, and with no expectation of these results, it took me a while to consider that my prank could be responsible for all this. It wasn't until I asked for her phone and brought up her home system programming and confirmed that yes, my taunts were still running, that I guessed at what I'd done.

"Alice –dammit, I mean Allie – didn't you ever notice all these?" I said, selecting a recording and hitting play. *Allie loves anal!* said my voice. The bathroom speaker would play that whenever she flushed. (Why it even had a setting to know the toilet had been flushed was anyone's guess.)

She giggled. "Duh – of course I noticed! 'Member, I texted you!" She took her phone and rolled backward through her messages, then held one up for me. "Here, see?"

Omg you SUCK Josh! lol

That was all.

It hadn't taken her long to find it – we didn't text much, after all. I vaguely recalled that text from over the summer; I'd been on a road trip with some buddies and evidently hadn't responded. It was dated about two months after the move. Even the "omg" and "lol" weren't very Alice.

Especially the latter.

Especially considering what all I'd done.

I took her phone back, browsing. I really had forgotten a lot of this. Allie laid down on my bed, head distractingly resting on my lap, fingers even more distractingly tracing lines across my abdomen. This was unthinkable. Or would have been before she started sleeping in a room that reminded her "Only in your wildest dreams could you land a guy half as good as me, slut" every ten minutes or so between 1 and 6 AM, between "worship my cock" and "Allie is my wet little pet" and a dozen others.

"I do dream about you, ya know," she said after hearing the one file play.

"Uh, really?"

She looked up at me, and I swear, the only reason I didn't grasp in that moment how bad she wanted to fuck me was because no woman had ever looked at me with such raw lust in their eyes before. "Really. Every night. Over and over."

"Anything, um, in particular?"

She grinned. “Well actually, it usually starts sort of like this, with the two of us in bed,” she said, pushing me on my back and lifting a leg over me, her lower thigh rubbing subtly against my crotch. “And I’m looking at you all gaga, ‘cause like, you know...”

I didn’t know. But then I did, as the subtlety of her leg movements became less subtle. “And like, I’m all ‘hey, this is just a dream, so like, maybe I have a shot with you,’ and you’re all ‘you’re not good enough for me’ and I’m like ‘ya huh!’ and you’re like ‘nuh uh!’”

As she spoke, she began repositioning herself, her body slowly coming to straddle me, her crotch centered perfectly over mine, nothing keeping our genitals apart but fabric and taboo. “And I’m all ‘lemme prove it’ and you go ‘you couldn’t, you’re just a big dumb moron idiot slut who loves my dick and wants it, needs it, but who has rockin’ titties and a sweet little puss-puss and you practically beg for cock in the street.’”

It encapsulated the spirit of a great many of my recordings nicely.

She continued, her hips rocking against mine. I was so close to losing it in my pants that only the mental image of my parents gaping in horror at the scene unfolding stalled me. “And so I climb on you, like I am now, and I ask you to touch my titties, and maybe put your big perfect hard delicious mmmmmm-nummy-ummy cock in me, and you say OK, and so I lift myself up...” She lifted herself up, tugging the crotch of her denim cutoffs aside to reveal a sweet little pink slit that was visibly damp.

If Alice had decided to pull down my pants and tried to fuck me then and there, I think – I’m almost certain – I would have been able to stop us. Certainly I’d have stopped before I... I mean, as close as I was, *probably* I would’ve stopped her in time. I’d have wanted to, for sure. She was my fucking *sister*, after all.

Only she didn’t try. Instead, just as I was so mesmerized by those tits, those hard points of nipple I could make out through her clingy t-shirt, she suddenly whomped me in the head with a pillow and giggled maniacally. “Got you!”

I threw her off of me, slugging her back with my spare pillow, and as an adult man, I’m not proud to admit that what unfolded then and there was a full-on pillow fight that only came to an end when I pinned both of her hands over her head and demanded her surrender.

Which she promptly did. “Sure. Us good girls do what man tells us. Right?”

That line had been put into her treadmill, repeating nonstop any time it was in use and ear buds were plugged in.

Alice worked out. A lot.

Without struggling, without seeming even aware that she was lying on my bed, her body pinned under me, boobs thrust out in what was practically an invitation, Alice smiled at me innocently.

“So, like, whattaya wanna do tonight?”

“How did you two meet?” asked Tony, while the others were still too busy looking back and forth between me and Allie. No more Alice. My brain was already keenly aware that this girl was someone else altogether.

“Oh gosh, we’ve known each other since, like, wow, I can’t even! Ya know?” she said, giggling, then planting a kiss on my cheek. “But ya, like, other than just laying around his dorm, or like, laying around my apartment touching myself, this is our first Date date.”

It was. Not that I was actually going on a “date” with my own sister – I just wanted to show her off, OK? How often does a guy have a chance to make his friends think he’s some kind of sex god? Because to hear Allie tell it, that was what I was – because her bedroom speakers had been jackhammering “Josh is a sex god” into her head for half a year now.

Most of my friends were happy to cancel plans when I offered to take them out and pay for drinks at our favorite bar and introduce my new girlfriend. Even though they’d all been told I had a sister, and I knew full well some of them had seen her because I’d had to get gruff when they started making crude comments about some of her pics online, none of them recognized her. How could you? I barely recognized her. Hell, she didn’t even recognize herself.

I’d realized, of course, that this was a problem, and I had every intention of fixing things. I didn’t know how long it would take, but in the meantime, I wanted to take her out for a spin. After I sent her back home, these guys would never see her again anyway. Allie was all too happy to let me pick her clothes out – “like, whatever you think will really makes my tits look hot, K?” – and I... well, I was weak. The way she was flirting with me, touching me, and hell, just the way she was looking and acting, I figured it was a more productive venue for my frustrations at having the hottest girl I ever had a chance to fuck turn out to be my bratty big sis. So I let her do a fashion show (and even did myself proud by keeping my eyes closed while she was changing – not that she seemed to care), and wound up in the red tube top and lycra mesh miniskirt she was giving every dude in the bar a stiffy with. I’d already seen the bartender overfill a glass of beer while Allie was giggling so hard at one of Adam’s jokes that half a nipple jiggled into view.

Meanwhile, I drank. Hard. Allie put down quite a bit, too, of course, since seldom did ten minutes go by without somebody trying to buy her a drink as a pretext to fucking her. Every single time she thanked them with a kiss on the cheek before downing her drink and returning to my side, nestling her curvy body against me.

“If you guys ever break up, I’m going to fuck that bitch if it’s the last thing I do,” said Tony as Allie paid our tab. I offered, but she said she was “super happy to take care of you, since, like, you’re keeping a roof over my head!”

“Get in line,” said Adam, and then they enjoyed some teasing at my expense about how the girl would finally realize what a man’s cock felt like.

(Which would be true, I supposed, as Allie had candidly shared that afternoon, “Like, isn’t it weird that I’m such a huge giant major slut-skank, but like, I’ve never even fucked a guy? Maybe I should, ya know?” I’d excused myself to the bathroom before we explored what was implicit in that question.)

Allie gave each of the guys a long hug and kiss (on the cheek again) goodbye before ushering me to our waiting cab. They were all staring after us, green with envy, as we pulled away, her tongue lodged eagerly in my throat.

“Uh, whoa,” I mumbled, trying to make sense of how that had happened. I was hammered by that point, but still.

“You said to pretend to be your super adoring girlfriend,” she said, eyes brimming with concern, head wobbling with inebriation. “Isn’t that what super adoring girlfriends do?”

“Just... yeah, but like... only for, you know... the bar.”

“Oh.” She frowned, made another go at me, but this time let me stop her.

We made it back to the dorm, and I was just conscious enough to get off my shirt and pants and collapse into my bed. Or maybe Allie helped me. The last thing I remember was seeing Allie smiling down at me, throwing her clothes to the floor on top of mine.

You'd think a guy who got so drunk he brainwashed his sister into becoming an adoring, cock-hungry moron would give consideration to the fact that he might not exercise the best judgment under the influence of alcohol. You might think a guy who had to pull his sister's hands out of the front of his pants on the cab ride home would insist on some ground rules for division of bed space. You might even think that a guy who used to blush if he saw his hottie of a sister in a swimsuit would be incapable of leering at her body, collapsed beside him on his bed, naked, wet, and indubitably willing.

You'd be wrong on all counts.

Obviously.

"Are you awake, Josh?" she whispered in the dark room. I could see those bright blue eyes shimmering in the dim light sneaking in between the curtains from the parking lot lights. It was behind me, so to her, my face would be pitch black.

"Mm," I mumbled back. I was trying to sleep. It was just... hard. A lot of things were hard right then.

"Did I do good tonight?" she whispered.

"Ya, sure."

"Cause, like, I tried to be sweet and sexy for you, and to make every guy wanna fuck me – only don't fuck 'em. Not that I would! But you said, and I listened – and like–"

"You were hot, Allie. Go back to sleep," I murmured, trying to take my own advice.

"I can't," she said after a few moments.

"Just close your eyes. Count some fucking sheep or whatever."

I peeked to confirm she'd at least done the former, but she herself confirmed the latter. Out loud. She was somewhere in the mid-twenties when she whined, drunkenly, "I lost count. Counting is stupid. I'm stupid. And horny. And naked. And drunk. And you're naked. And I'm naked. And horny."

She seemed ready to keep going in circles, so I cut her off. "I'm horny, too. Sleep it off."

I heard a sudden intake of breath. "You are?"

"Of course I am. There's an insanely hot naked girl in bed next to me talking about how horny she is, and it's taking all I can do to not–"

She was kissing me. Like the cab again, but this time, with her whole body. Allie was *on* me in a heartbeat, hands caressing my bare chest everywhere at once, and there was a wetness – *her* wetness – somewhere, and she was like vanilla pudding and–

“What the hell did we just do?” I said a few minutes later, staring at a dark ceiling. Drunk or no, exhausted or no, I was suddenly thinking a great deal more clearly. Too late.

“We fucked,” she said, moaning in delirious happiness. “I can’t believe I waited that long. We should have fucked *years* ago! That was *soooooo* good, no wonder I’m such a big dumb cock-loving easy horny nympho slut!”

Jesus, just her voice was getting me hard again. And her body. I could see it perfectly now, curled up beside me like she was posing for me. She probably was, honestly. The lamp was on now – not sure if that was her doing or mine, as we’d agreed that being able to see her titties bounce while I stretched out her virgin cunt would be nice. It sure as shit had been, for all of the ninety seconds it had taken her to rock my world. I suppose if I wanted to feel embarrassed at my poor stamina, I’d taken about a eighty-five seconds longer to come than she had.

“Do you wanna go again?” she said. “I wanna do that, like, *all* the time.”

I did. God I did. But I couldn’t. She was my sister! Plus – oh fuck! “Allie, are you on the pill?!”

She giggled. “I got one of those thingies in me at the abortiony place.”

It took me a moment, I admit. “An IUD?”

She shrugged. “I dunno. My friend made me go in because she said if I was such a stupid tramp now, I should be safe. So like, I figured she was waaaaay smarter than me, so I just did it. She even goes to college – a girl! Can you even?”

Thank god. “Good. But no, we can’t do that again.”

“Oh, darn. I super liked that. I came soooo hard – did you see?”

“I saw.”

“Can I at least blow you? Pleeeeease? I haven’t been able to stop thinkin’ ‘bout what your dick tastes like since I walked in here this afternoon.”

I couldn’t. Well no, I *shouldn’t*. Not that it would be the worst thing. It wasn’t incest, technically, was it? I mean, it wasn’t sex. Oral sex, yes, but that didn’t count... did it?

Allie made up her mind for me, sucking me into her mouth while I was still trying to remember why this was so wrong. I lasted longer that time, at least. Then when she pleaded with me to fuck her one more time before I fell asleep, I figured... we’d done it once, so why not twice? And that time, I banged my big-titted blonde-haired blue-eyed bimbo until she passed out mid-orgasm, a perfect, guileless, elated, relieved, stupid smile plastered on my sister’s face.

Just one night. She’d probably be too drunk to remember it in the morning. Me too, maybe, I lied to myself. But when she woke me up with another blowjob (apologizing but insisting I looked delicious to resist) I told myself that after breakfast, I’d get right to work reprogramming her smartpartment to fix her.

Then I ate her pussy for breakfast instead, and told myself we could just enjoy Thanksgiving before we got serious about remedies. She spent the day giving me more to be thankful for than I'd ever thought possible. The RA had to come down and yell at us – her, really – for disrupting the girl downstairs from me. But when he saw Allie clearly naked under my sheets, pleading with me to come back to bed, he left and didn't come back. She didn't get any quieter.

Sometime Friday afternoon, as she used her tits as sponges to wash me down in the dorm bathroom, I promised her – out loud this time, so it was real – that I'd fix her programming right after our holiday weekend. We owed ourselves that, at least.

“Fix it? Why?” she asked.

“Because... look, I know it doesn't mean much to you, but this isn't you. I'll... someday you'll forgive me, I hope.” And she would, because I was damn well going to make sure my new programming included that.

“No, I mean, why fix all that sound stuff, because I don't live there any more,” she said, squatting down to wrap her tits around my cock and “wash” it.

“Oh, fuck Allie, that's... wait what?”

“Yeppers, they kicked me out because, like, I didn't pay rent? I had to get all my hot slut clothes, so I didn't have any money, but like, they didn't care. Super mean. I sold a bunch of my furniture and stuff until all I had left were all the sound-making thingies so I could still hear your voice, so–”

“Wait, you knew I was... you could hear me, but you kept listening to it?!”

She giggled, almost losing her balance as she bounced on her heels. “Uh, durr. I'm stupid, and easy, but like, not *that* stupid.” She gave my shaft a slurp, then spat the soapiness. “I am that easy, though!”

“Wait, if you heard my voice saying you were a stupid slut and all that, why the hell didn't you stop it yourself?”

“I dunno. My friend noticed it, actually. She was all ‘dude, Allie, your oven just said something about a hot little box,’ and then we started listening all over, but like... I dunno. It wasn't saying anything I didn't already know, and I'm super stupid when it comes to computer stuff and all, so...” She shrugged.

Jesus. She'd caught me doing it, and had been too far gone to either care or fight back. “Well either way, go back to the part about you not having an apartment?”

She stood back up slowly, cooing as she dragged her tits across my body. “Oh yeah. So like, I didn't wanna sell the sound stuff because you did that for me and you're super smart, but like, I was out of furniture to sell and sleeping on the floor and stuff, so... I had to sell some of your sound thingies, too, and then they still kicked me out anyway! It was like every month they wanted more and more!”

“Ya. That's how rent works.”

“Really? Oh. Now I feel bad for calling them mean-heads. Oh well. So yeah, then I texted you and... here I am.” She turned around, sweeping her wet blonde hair over her shoulder and wriggling her wet ass against my cock. I finally came, but she kept going anyway.

“So when you asked if you could come down here, you were asking for a place to stay.”

She nodded at me over her shoulder. “Can I? I promise, I’ll be *such* a good roomie. I’ll do whatever you say. Whoever you say. And I know I’m a dick-diving dumbfuck—” (god, I was awful) “—but I promise I’ll only fuck you. You’re like, the only guy I really wanna fuck anyway. Which I know makes me kind of a bad slut, but like, I don’t care.”

I was already hard again, and as she felt it, she quickly eased me back inside her. “So can I stay? Pleeeeease? Pretty, pretty please? Big pretty wetty slutty titty please?”

I’d fix her. Really, I would. But in the meantime, what was I supposed to do? She was my sister, after all. Kind of.

“Have a good night, Allie?” I asked as she slid into the passenger seat in the parking lot outside her work. She couldn’t be trusted to drive herself; she got lost, couldn’t follow speed limits well, and was too apt to offer to flash a police officer if pulled over. (She’d gotten me out of two tickets that way.)

After her usual hello kiss, including a hand deep down the front of my pants, Allie shrugged, handing over a wad of bills of various low denominations. “I dunno. Did I?”

Three years later, that very self-description she’d used in the shower that day was now irrevocably branded on her lower back, just above the crack of her ass. *Bad Slut*. It fit, I’d agreed. She was a slut – never, ever not in the mood for sex – but she sure was bad at sleeping around. No, mine was the only cock she ever seemed to earnestly pursue, and only a few times had she been so absent-minded that she’d gone down on the wrong guy.

I forgave her immediately.

We never did manage to fix her. I haven’t given up on it, but it’s been pretty hard. I only graduated a few months ago, and prior to that had been another penniless college student. I hadn’t had her scholarships to re-purchase all that tech, and she sure as hell couldn’t afford it on what she made. And with her living with me, what was I supposed to do, brainwash myself along with her? I’d put a few lines into her workout music, but they never seemed to take. The best I’d gotten with it was to occasionally catch her actually reading the articles in fashion magazines, and once, she’d corrected my grammar, blinked, then giggled hysterically until sucking my cock back into her throat.

Still, I was graduated and on my way to a better job, and her newest job provided steady money in tips. We’d tried to get her the best job we could, just to make ends meet and all, but it was rough going. For one, she had no actual legal identity any more. Allie had lost her license and all her credit cards somewhere before she moved (and god only knew what might be happening to her credit now), and besides... we fucked. Constantly. She had no recollection of being my sister and firmly refuted such notions when I slipped up, but regardless I didn’t want the world to know we were siblings.

For two... well, as was pretty clear by the end of Thanksgiving weekend, Allie barely had two brain cells to rub together. She got fired waitressing in every restaurant we could trick into taking her for being unable to reliably handle addition and subtraction. She had the technical skills but not the people skills for salon work, as she kept freaking out the customers with her only piece of advice, to “go for that big dumb slut look.” I felt weird about having her try stripping (and kinda worried she’d be too easy to talk into prostituting herself if the manager turned out to be sketchy), but we met in the middle. Waiting tables at The Landing Strip seemed to work OK. She was still horrible at the math, but customers were less picky about their change, and she was hot enough that her boss kept her around for the aesthetic. Tenuous, maybe, but it was a job.

I counted the money she'd thrust into my hand. "Not bad, babe. You made a hundred and fifty-four dollars tonight. Good work."

For some reason, her jaw dropped, her tongue ring glinting – two years ago's Christmas present from her to me, to match the belly button ring I'd gotten her the Christmas before. Suddenly, she was getting out her phone, feverishly tapping buttons until staring at the screen in confusion. "Wait. Um, Josh, what's four thousand two hundred and sixty-six plus one hundred and fifty-four?"

I had her repeat it to me. "Forty-four twenty. Why?"

She squealed with such intense and high-pitched glee that I almost had to cover my ears. "Josh! Joshy Joshy Josh! I got it!" She crawled into my lap, the car horn blasting as she wedged herself in, grinding on me, as she'd once described it, "the way the professional sluts at work do."

"Got what?" I sputtered between a round of ferocious kisses.

"Titties! Huge honking titties! I can finally afford the super big titties I've wanted to have for you all this time! Ohmygaaaaawd!" she squealed again, cutting herself off as she threw her lips against mine.

Fake tits. Alice, my sister, was dry humping me in her slutty waitress uniform in the front seat of my car and shrieking excitement about being able to afford a tit job for my gratification. I had been having her save money, though hadn't told her it was so we could finally afford the equipment I thought we'd need to finally get her fixed. I'd been planning it for a long while. I suppose I simply had forgotten to check the balance for a couple months. (OK, maybe six months. Or so.)

And now she wanted to get a boob job for me. Like the girl she saw sometimes in her dreams, she said. The porn star she'd been seeing whenever she'd watched TV for half a year. Her blonde-haired blue-eyed big-titted whorishly dressed vapid-looking role model, as the caption I'd slapped on those images had read.

As Alice had dropped her classes, she'd watched a lot of TV in those days.

"I can't wait," I told her.

Maybe the boob job would help her earn more tips, I told myself. I pushed her head into my lap as we pulled out of the parking lot, reminding myself there was no rush. Sure didn't feel like there was any from where I was sitting, and I didn't hear any complaints out of Allie. I took her home and let her titty-fuck me with a smile on her face while I watched my shows on the DVR, which was as high-tech a device as her new home had.